

## GAVE LIFE FOR HONOR.

Mrs. Charles Leonard's Children  
Oried in Vain for Mamma.She was in the Hands of an  
Assaulter and Dying.The Supposed Murderer Captured in  
Keyport While Waiting for  
a Steamer.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)  
ATLANTIC HIGHLANDS, N. J., Nov. 28.—The dead body of Mrs. Charles T. Leonard, wife of a farmer and mother of three children, was found near her home last night with a cord tightly wound about her neck and the skull crushed in. She had been murdered, and, as it now appears, while resisting the efforts of an assaulter.

The body was found by the woman's husband, who at the same time discovered that Minnie Harriot, one of his farm hands, was missing.

When Leonard returned from his work in the field last night he found his three children crying for their mamma. She had gone out, they said, during the afternoon and had not returned. While looking for her about the place Leonard almost stumbled over her dead body.

News of the tragedy spread among the neighbors, some of whom then remembered to have seen Harriot walking hurriedly towards the Highlands just before dusk. There was blood upon his clothes, too, they remembered, but they had paid little attention to this at the time, as some farmers in the neighborhood were butchering hogs and they thought Harriot also might be doing so.

Officers at once began searching for Harriot and word reached here this morning that Constable Joseph Johnson, of Navesink, had arrested the supposed murderer late last night on board the steamboat Minnie Cornell at Keyport, whence he intended to leave for New York.

Coroner Amie Postin, of Navesink, commenced an inquest this morning. An explanation of the body showed a contusion of the forehead, inflicted by what is known as a "fob-plate" joint for railroad tracks. A rope was wound tightly three times around her neck, and tied in knots. Her face was almost unrecognizable on account of its discoloration.

Mrs. John H. Vanmeter and H. A. Hendrickson, of this town, made the post-mortem examination, which showed a compound fracture on the right side of the skull. The rope wound around her neck would, in their opinion, have caused death had the blow with the fob-plate not been dealt.

After viewing the remains, Coroner adjourned the inquest until Monday.

Mrs. Leonard was a most estimable woman. Her maiden name was Groner. She was thirty-eight years old and well favored in personal appearance and accomplishments.

Harriot is a native of Lorraine, aged about 22. It is thought the crime resulted from an attempt to resist a woman who was on her resistance the murderer struck her with the railroad iron and bound the rope around her neck.

Harriot was employed by Mr. Leonard on Nov. 13 at the employment agency of Frederick R. Barandon, 120 Greenwich street, New York.

Mrs. Leonard's home is along the bay shore, a mile from here. It is an elegant house, and all its surroundings are in good taste.

Although ignorant and unsatisfactory as a farm hand Harriot never exhibited any signs of a brutal nature.

Mrs. Leonard was at work on the grounds of the Leonard estate at about a quarter of a mile from the house, yesterday, and Harriot was hauling manure from the barnyard. After dinner both returned to their work.

Mrs. Leonard had completed her housework, and between 2 and 3 o'clock sent her children out to call on some neighbors, while she sat down in the kitchen by a window and began painting a little sketch of the ocean as viewed from her home.

Harriot drew one load of manure and left the team standing in the barnyard. What transpired later Harriot alone knows, but there are strong circumstances that point directly to his guilt.

Mrs. Leonard's children returned about 4 o'clock. They did not see their mother, but thinking she had gone to a sick neighbor's, they made no attempt to find her.

Leonard came in from work about dark and put up his own team; he was somewhat astonished to find Harriot's team standing in the barnyard. He cared for this team also, and went to the house.

He found his wife absent and the children crying for her and began to be worried. Harriot's absence too seemed peculiar. Mr. Leonard cooked his own supper. He and the children ate it and repaired to the sitting-room.

He looked through the house wondering if his wife could be in any of the rooms asleep, a door leading into an unused room opened suddenly and apparently without cause.

The rays from the lamp on the centre table shone through the open door, and Leonard, almost on the threshold, lay a human form. Leonard started back in horror, for it was his wife.

Keyport, N. J., Nov. 27.—Harriot was arrested on the dock in Keyport. He was waiting for the boat to start for New York. He appeared to be anxious to avoid recognition or observation and slunk in the shadows. It was still dark when he was taken.

One of the Keyport marshals captured him. They had been on the lookout for him all night. Harriot looked ugly when he was caught, and no doubt would have resisted arrest if the marshal had given him a chance. But the marshal didn't.

He made sure of his man, and then approaching him quickly snapped the handcuffs on him before Harriot realized what had happened to him.

Harriot was locked up in the Town Jail. He is sulky and defiant. He wanted to know what he was arrested for. He was told it was for the murder of Mrs. Leonard, of Atlantic Highlands. He immediately denied having committed the murder. Afterwards he refused to talk.

He had attempted to wash some of the blood off his hands and clothes, but had only partially succeeded. All the blood that remains upon him will be carefully gathered for evidence at his trial. His clothes will also be preserved for use as evidence.

When asked why he had left the Leonard farm he hurriedly replied he was going to New York, he replied in a surly, dogged way that he had business in the city needing his immediate attention, and that it was no body else's business what his business was.

Harriot was arraigned before Justice Warren here just before noon, and committed to the Freshkill Jail to await the action of the grand jury.

Mrs. Leonard, the husband of the murdered woman, and a number of farmers from Atlantic Highlands, came over here as soon

as they heard that Harriot was arrested. They confronted him in his cell. They immediately identified him as the man who was seen hanging around Mr. Leonard's house and who was afterwards seen with his hands and clothes covered with blood.

As soon as Mr. Leonard saw him, he would have sprung at Harriot's throat and throttled him, had he not been restrained by his friends. He struggled to get at Harriot, but was withheld. He shouted:

"You scoundrel, why did you murder my wife? What has she ever done to you?"

"I didn't kill her," replied Harriot.

He refused to give any explanation of his whereabouts yesterday evening or to tell how he had spent his time. There is a good deal of excitement in the neighborhood over the murder.

At 130 Greenwich street Frederick Barandon, keeper of an employment agency, said: "A young man came to me Nov. 12 looking for work as a farm hand. He said he was Louis Harriot, and that he was born in Alsace-Lorraine."

"He had been in America only a short time, and could speak a very little English. He spoke poor German, too. He was tall and slender, with a complexion of a ruddy yellow."

"He seemed to be a pleasant young fellow of twenty or twenty-one years, and chatted while he sat in the saloon next door. He said he had worked far out on Long Island, and that during the last summer he worked for a Frenchman on a farm near Somerville, N. J."

"I got him a place at Atlantic Highlands next day, and that is about all I know concerning him, except that he had a long scar over his right eye."

"Oh, yes; he said he had a sweetheart and was going to try and save money enough to get married, buy a little farm and become a farmer for himself."

News of the tragedy spread among the neighbors, some of whom then remembered to have seen Harriot walking hurriedly towards the Highlands just before dusk. There was blood upon his clothes, too, they remembered, but they had paid little attention to this at the time, as some farmers in the neighborhood were butchering hogs and they thought Harriot also might be doing so.

Officers at once began searching for Harriot and word reached here this morning that Constable Joseph Johnson, of Navesink, had arrested the supposed murderer late last night on board the steamboat Minnie Cornell at Keyport, whence he intended to leave for New York.

Coroner Amie Postin, of Navesink, commenced an inquest this morning. An explanation of the body showed a contusion of the forehead, inflicted by what is known as a "fob-plate" joint for railroad tracks. A rope was wound tightly three times around her neck, and tied in knots. Her face was almost unrecognizable on account of its discoloration.

Mrs. John H. Vanmeter and H. A. Hendrickson, of this town, made the post-mortem examination, which showed a compound fracture on the right side of the skull. The rope wound around her neck would, in their opinion, have caused death had the blow with the fob-plate not been dealt.

After viewing the remains, Coroner adjourned the inquest until Monday.

Mrs. Leonard was a most estimable woman. Her maiden name was Groner. She was thirty-eight years old and well favored in personal appearance and accomplishments.

Harriot is a native of Lorraine, aged about 22. It is thought the crime resulted from an attempt to resist a woman who was on her resistance the murderer struck her with the railroad iron and bound the rope around her neck.

Harriot was employed by Mr. Leonard on Nov. 13 at the employment agency of Frederick R. Barandon, 120 Greenwich street, New York.

Mrs. Leonard's home is along the bay shore, a mile from here. It is an elegant house, and all its surroundings are in good taste.

Although ignorant and unsatisfactory as a farm hand Harriot never exhibited any signs of a brutal nature.

Mrs. Leonard was at work on the grounds of the Leonard estate at about a quarter of a mile from the house, yesterday, and Harriot was hauling manure from the barnyard. After dinner both returned to their work.

Mrs. Leonard had completed her housework, and between 2 and 3 o'clock sent her children out to call on some neighbors, while she sat down in the kitchen by a window and began painting a little sketch of the ocean as viewed from her home.

Harriot drew one load of manure and left the team standing in the barnyard. What transpired later Harriot alone knows, but there are strong circumstances that point directly to his guilt.

Mrs. Leonard's children returned about 4 o'clock. They did not see their mother, but thinking she had gone to a sick neighbor's, they made no attempt to find her.

Leonard came in from work about dark and put up his own team; he was somewhat astonished to find Harriot's team standing in the barnyard. He cared for this team also, and went to the house.

He found his wife absent and the children crying for her and began to be worried. Harriot's absence too seemed peculiar. Mr. Leonard cooked his own supper. He and the children ate it and repaired to the sitting-room.

He looked through the house wondering if his wife could be in any of the rooms asleep, a door leading into an unused room opened suddenly and apparently without cause.

The rays from the lamp on the centre table shone through the open door, and Leonard, almost on the threshold, lay a human form. Leonard started back in horror, for it was his wife.

Keyport, N. J., Nov. 27.—Harriot was arrested on the dock in Keyport. He was waiting for the boat to start for New York. He appeared to be anxious to avoid recognition or observation and slunk in the shadows. It was still dark when he was taken.

One of the Keyport marshals captured him. They had been on the lookout for him all night. Harriot looked ugly when he was caught, and no doubt would have resisted arrest if the marshal had given him a chance. But the marshal didn't.

He made sure of his man, and then approaching him quickly snapped the handcuffs on him before Harriot realized what had happened to him.

Harriot was locked up in the Town Jail. He is sulky and defiant. He wanted to know what he was arrested for. He was told it was for the murder of Mrs. Leonard, of Atlantic Highlands. He immediately denied having committed the murder. Afterwards he refused to talk.

He had attempted to wash some of the blood off his hands and clothes, but had only partially succeeded. All the blood that remains upon him will be carefully gathered for evidence at his trial. His clothes will also be preserved for use as evidence.

When asked why he had left the Leonard farm he hurriedly replied he was going to New York, he replied in a surly, dogged way that he had business in the city needing his immediate attention, and that it was no body else's business what his business was.

Harriot was arraigned before Justice Warren here just before noon, and committed to the Freshkill Jail to await the action of the grand jury.

Mrs. Leonard, the husband of the murdered woman, and a number of farmers from Atlantic Highlands, came over here as soon

as they heard that Harriot was arrested. They confronted him in his cell. They immediately identified him as the man who was seen hanging around Mr. Leonard's house and who was afterwards seen with his hands and clothes covered with blood.

As soon as Mr. Leonard saw him, he would have sprung at Harriot's throat and throttled him, had he not been restrained by his friends. He struggled to get at Harriot, but was withheld. He shouted:

"You scoundrel, why did you murder my wife? What has she ever done to you?"

"I didn't kill her," replied Harriot.

He refused to give any explanation of his whereabouts yesterday evening or to tell how he had spent his time. There is a good deal of excitement in the neighborhood over the murder.

At 130 Greenwich street Frederick Barandon, keeper of an employment agency, said: "A young man came to me Nov. 12 looking for work as a farm hand. He said he was Louis Harriot, and that he was born in Alsace-Lorraine."

"He had been in America only a short time, and could speak a very little English. He spoke poor German, too. He was tall and slender, with a complexion of a ruddy yellow."

"He seemed to be a pleasant young fellow of twenty or twenty-one years, and chatted while he sat in the saloon next door. He said he had worked far out on Long Island, and that during the last summer he worked for a Frenchman on a farm near Somerville, N. J."

"I got him a place at Atlantic Highlands next day, and that is about all I know concerning him, except that he had a long scar over his right eye."

"Oh, yes; he said he had a sweetheart and was going to try and save money enough to get married, buy a little farm and become a farmer for himself."

News of the tragedy spread among the neighbors, some of whom then remembered to have seen Harriot walking hurriedly towards the Highlands just before dusk. There was blood upon his clothes, too, they remembered, but they had paid little attention to this at the time, as some farmers in the neighborhood were butchering hogs and they thought Harriot also might be doing so.

Officers at once began searching for Harriot and word reached here this morning that Constable Joseph Johnson, of Navesink, had arrested the supposed murderer late last night on board the steamboat Minnie Cornell at Keyport, whence he intended to leave for New York.

Coroner Amie Postin, of Navesink, commenced an inquest this morning. An explanation of the body showed a contusion of the forehead, inflicted by what is known as a "fob-plate" joint for railroad tracks. A rope was wound tightly three times around her neck, and tied in knots. Her face was almost unrecognizable on account of its discoloration.

Mrs. John H. Vanmeter and H. A. Hendrickson, of this town, made the post-mortem examination, which showed a compound fracture on the right side of the skull. The rope wound around her neck would, in their opinion, have caused death had the blow with the fob-plate not been dealt.

After viewing the remains, Coroner adjourned the inquest until Monday.

Mrs. Leonard was a most estimable woman. Her maiden name was Groner. She was thirty-eight years old and well favored in personal appearance and accomplishments.

Harriot is a native of Lorraine, aged about 22. It is thought the crime resulted from an attempt to resist a woman who was on her resistance the murderer struck her with the railroad iron and bound the rope around her neck.

Harriot was employed by Mr. Leonard on Nov. 13 at the employment agency of Frederick R. Barandon, 120 Greenwich street, New York.

Mrs. Leonard's home is along the bay shore, a mile from here. It is an elegant house, and all its surroundings are in good taste.

Although ignorant and unsatisfactory as a farm hand Harriot never exhibited any signs of a brutal nature.

Mrs. Leonard was at work on the grounds of the Leonard estate at about a quarter of a mile from the house, yesterday, and Harriot was hauling manure from the barnyard. After dinner both returned to their work.

Mrs. Leonard had completed her housework, and between 2 and 3 o'clock sent her children out to call on some neighbors, while she sat down in the kitchen by a window and began painting a little sketch of the ocean as viewed from her home.

Harriot drew one load of manure and left the team standing in the barnyard. What transpired later Harriot alone knows, but there are strong circumstances that point directly to his guilt.

Mrs. Leonard's children returned about 4 o'clock. They did not see their mother, but thinking she had gone to a sick neighbor's, they made no attempt to find her.

Leonard came in from work about dark and put up his own team; he was somewhat astonished to find Harriot's team standing in the barnyard. He cared for this team also, and went to the house.

He found his wife absent and the children crying for her and began to be worried. Harriot's absence too seemed peculiar. Mr. Leonard cooked his own supper. He and the children ate it and repaired to the sitting-room.

He looked through the house wondering if his wife could be in any of the rooms asleep, a door leading into an unused room opened suddenly and apparently without cause.

The rays from the lamp on the centre table shone through the open door, and Leonard, almost on the threshold, lay a human form. Leonard started back in horror, for it was his wife.

Keyport, N. J., Nov. 27.—Harriot was arrested on the dock in Keyport. He was waiting for the boat to start for New York. He appeared to be anxious to avoid recognition or observation and slunk in the shadows. It was still dark when he was taken.

One of the Keyport marshals captured him. They had been on the lookout for him all night. Harriot looked ugly when he was caught, and no doubt would have resisted arrest if the marshal had given him a chance. But the marshal didn't.

He made sure of his man, and then approaching him quickly snapped the handcuffs on him before Harriot realized what had happened to him.

Harriot was locked up in the Town Jail. He is sulky and defiant. He wanted to know what he was arrested for. He was told it was for the murder of Mrs. Leonard, of Atlantic Highlands. He immediately denied having committed the murder. Afterwards he refused to talk.

He had attempted to wash some of the blood off his hands and clothes, but had only partially succeeded. All the blood that remains upon him will be carefully gathered for evidence at his trial. His clothes will also be preserved for use as evidence.

When asked why he had left the Leonard farm he hurriedly replied he was going to New York, he replied in a surly, dogged way that he had business in the city needing his immediate attention, and that it was no body else's business what his business was.

Harriot was arraigned before Justice Warren here just before noon, and committed to the Freshkill Jail to await the action of the grand jury.

Mrs. Leonard, the husband of the murdered woman, and a number of farmers from Atlantic Highlands, came over here as soon

as they heard that Harriot was arrested. They confronted him in his cell. They immediately identified him as the man who was seen hanging around Mr. Leonard's house and who was afterwards seen with his hands and clothes covered with blood.

As soon as Mr. Leonard saw him, he would have sprung at Harriot's throat and throttled him, had he not been restrained by his friends. He struggled to get at Harriot, but was withheld. He shouted:

"You scoundrel, why did you murder my wife? What has she ever done to you?"

"I didn't kill her," replied Harriot.

He refused to give any explanation of his whereabouts yesterday evening or to tell how he had spent his time. There is a good deal of excitement in the neighborhood over the murder.

At 130 Greenwich street Frederick Barandon, keeper of an employment agency, said: "A young man came to me Nov. 12 looking for work as a farm hand. He said he was Louis Harriot, and that he was born in Alsace-Lorraine."

"He had been in America only a short time, and could speak a very little English. He spoke poor German, too. He was tall and slender, with a complexion of a ruddy yellow."

"He seemed to be a pleasant young fellow of twenty or twenty-one years, and chatted while he sat in the saloon next door. He said he had worked far out on Long Island, and that during the last summer he worked for a Frenchman on a farm near Somerville, N. J."

"I got him a place at Atlantic Highlands next day, and that is about all I know concerning him, except that he had a long scar over his right eye."

"Oh, yes; he said he had a sweetheart and was going to try and save money enough to get married, buy a little farm and become a farmer for himself."

News of the tragedy spread among the neighbors, some of whom then remembered to have seen Harriot walking hurriedly towards the Highlands just before dusk. There was blood upon his clothes, too, they remembered, but they had paid little attention to this at the time, as some farmers in the neighborhood were butchering hogs and they thought Harriot also might be doing so.

Officers at once began searching for Harriot and word reached here this morning that Constable Joseph Johnson, of Navesink, had arrested the supposed murderer late last night on board the steamboat Minnie Cornell at Keyport, whence he intended to leave for New York.

Coroner Amie Postin, of Navesink, commenced an inquest this morning. An explanation of the body showed a contusion of the forehead, inflicted by what is known as a "fob-plate" joint for railroad tracks. A rope was wound tightly three times around her neck, and tied in knots. Her face was almost unrecognizable on account of its discoloration.

Mrs. John H. Vanmeter and H. A. Hendrickson, of this town, made the post-mortem examination, which showed a compound fracture on the right side of the skull. The rope wound around her neck would, in their opinion, have caused death had the blow with the fob-plate not been dealt.

After viewing the remains, Coroner adjourned the inquest until Monday.

Mrs. Leonard was a most estimable woman. Her maiden name was Groner. She was thirty-eight years old and well favored in personal appearance and accomplishments.

Harriot is a native of Lorraine, aged about 22. It is thought the crime resulted from an attempt to resist a woman who was on her resistance the murderer struck her with the railroad iron and bound the rope around her neck.

Harriot was employed by Mr. Leonard on Nov. 13 at the employment agency of Frederick R. Barandon, 120 Greenwich street, New York.

Mrs. Leonard's home is along the bay shore, a mile from here. It is an elegant house, and all its surroundings are in good taste.

Although ignorant and unsatisfactory as a farm hand Harriot never exhibited any signs of a brutal nature.

Mrs. Leonard was at work on the grounds of the Leonard estate at about a quarter of a mile from the house, yesterday, and Harriot was hauling manure from the barnyard. After dinner both returned to their work.

Mrs. Leonard had completed her housework, and between 2 and 3 o'clock sent her children out to call on some neighbors, while she sat down in the kitchen by a window and began painting a little sketch of the ocean as viewed from her home.

Harriot drew one load of manure and left the team standing in the barnyard. What transpired later Harriot alone knows, but there are strong circumstances that point directly to his guilt.

Mrs. Leonard's children returned about 4 o'clock. They did not see their mother, but thinking she had gone to a sick neighbor's, they made no attempt to find her.

Leonard came in from work about dark and put up his own team; he was somewhat astonished to find Harriot's team standing in the barnyard. He cared for this team also, and went to the house.

He found his wife absent and the children crying for her and began to be worried. Harriot's absence too seemed peculiar. Mr. Leonard cooked his own supper. He and the children ate it and repaired to the sitting-room.

He looked through the house wondering if his wife could be in any of the rooms asleep, a door leading into an unused room opened suddenly and apparently without cause.

The rays from the lamp on the centre table shone through the open door, and Leonard, almost on the threshold, lay a human form. Leonard started back in horror, for it was his wife.

Keyport, N. J., Nov. 27.—Harriot was arrested on the dock in Keyport. He was waiting for the boat to start for New York. He appeared to be anxious to avoid recognition or observation and slunk in the shadows. It was still dark when he was taken.

One of the Keyport marshals captured him. They had been on the lookout for him all night. Harriot looked ugly when he was caught, and no doubt would have resisted arrest if the marshal had given him a chance. But the marshal didn't.

He made sure of his man, and then approaching him quickly snapped the handcuffs on him before Harriot realized what had happened to him.

Harriot was locked up in the Town Jail. He is sulky and defiant. He wanted to know what he was arrested for. He was told it was for the murder of Mrs. Leonard, of Atlantic Highlands. He immediately denied having committed the murder. Afterwards he refused to talk.

He had attempted to wash some of the blood off his hands and clothes, but had only partially succeeded. All the blood that remains upon him will be carefully gathered for evidence at his trial. His clothes will also be preserved for use as evidence.

When asked why he had left the Leonard farm he hurriedly replied he was going to New York, he replied in a surly, dogged way that he had business in the city needing his immediate attention, and that it was no body else's business what his business was.

Harriot was arraigned before Justice Warren here just before noon, and committed to the Freshkill Jail to await the action of the grand jury.

Mrs. Leonard, the husband of the murdered woman, and a number of farmers from Atlantic Highlands, came over here as soon

as they heard that Harriot was arrested. They confronted him in his cell. They immediately identified him as the man who was seen hanging around Mr. Leonard's house and who was afterwards seen with his hands and clothes covered with blood.

As soon as Mr. Leonard saw him, he would have sprung at Harriot's throat and throttled him, had he not been restrained by his friends. He struggled to get at Harriot, but was withheld. He shouted:

"You scoundrel, why did you murder my wife? What has she ever done to you?"

"I didn't kill her," replied Harriot.

He refused to give any explanation of his whereabouts yesterday evening or to tell how he had spent his time. There is a good deal of excitement in the neighborhood over the murder.

At 130 Greenwich street Frederick Barandon, keeper of an employment agency, said: "A young man came to me Nov. 12 looking for work as a farm hand. He said he was Louis Harriot, and that he was born in Alsace-Lorraine."

"He had been in America only a short time, and could speak a very little English. He spoke poor German, too. He was tall and slender, with a complexion of a ruddy yellow."

"He seemed to be a pleasant young fellow of twenty or twenty-one years, and chatted while he sat in the saloon next door. He said he had worked far out on Long Island, and that during the last summer he worked for a Frenchman on a farm near Somerville, N. J."

"I got him a place at Atlantic Highlands next day, and that is about all I know concerning him, except that he had a long scar over his right eye."

"Oh, yes; he said he had a sweetheart and was going to try and save money enough to get married, buy a little farm and become a farmer for himself."

News of the tragedy spread among the neighbors, some of whom then remembered to have seen Harriot walking hurriedly towards the Highlands just before dusk. There was blood upon his clothes, too, they remembered, but they had paid little attention to this at the time, as some farmers in the neighborhood were butchering hogs and they thought Harriot also might be doing so.

Officers at once began searching for Harriot and word reached here this morning that Constable Joseph Johnson, of Navesink, had arrested the supposed murderer late last night on board the steamboat Minnie Cornell at Keyport, whence he intended to leave for New York.

Coroner Amie Postin, of Navesink, commenced an inquest this morning. An explanation of the body showed a contusion of the forehead, inflicted by what is known as a "fob-plate" joint for railroad tracks. A rope was wound tightly three times around her neck, and tied in knots. Her face was almost unrecognizable on account of its discoloration.

Mrs. John H. Vanmeter and H. A. Hendrickson, of this town, made the post-mortem examination, which